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# THE BOY AND THE MAN;

OR

## EDWARD CLEAVELAND.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Prov. xxii. 1.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Ps. xcvi. 11.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND  
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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# THE BOY AND THE MAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HIS EARLY HOME.

IF the reader has taken up this little volume with the expectation of finding here an account of one of those "perfect children" of whom we hear so much said, and of whom we so often read, he will be entirely disappointed.

It is the intention of the writer, very simply, but truthfully, to sketch some of the incidents in the life, and give some delineation of the character of one who was known and loved by hundreds of youthful hearts, while living, and whose

memory is fondly and sacredly cherished. And this is done, not merely to beguile an hour of time, but with the wish and earnest prayer that the perusal of these pages may incite the youthful reader to elevate the standard of daily action, and stimulate the mind and soul to more noble and lofty aspirations.

As mutual friends let us familiarly trace together these "footprints on the sands of time," and may the labor prove a pleasant one, and in the most exalted sense profitable.

We will first go to the early home of Edward Cleaveland.

It is situated in one of those retired and quiet New England towns, undistinguished in the annals of fame, and with few if any peculiarities to distinguish it from many sister towns.

It is true that at one time the town of

H. was pronounced "the banner town of the banner county of the banner State of the Union," for the number of its sons who had gone forth to preach the gospel of peace, and declare great tidings of great joy. But the just occasion for this encomium passed away during the earlier years of Edward Cleaveland's life. The inhabitants lived in a plain and simple manner, possessing little wealth, but with a good degree of intelligence, and there were among them many worthy examples of devoted piety. They were emphatically a church-going community, and for a long series of years all worshipped in the same sanctuary. The soil was but moderately productive, and the scenery diversified with rocks and hills, fertile meadows, and sterile, sandy plains, but every lover of nature could here find much

to encourage and gratify a taste for the beautiful.

But it is not with the inhabitants that we have much to do, only as all surrounding circumstances exert an influence in the formation of character. Like most retired farming townships in New England, the youthful enterprise of H. seeks a wider field in which to expand, in some more productive portion of our vast country. Possessing few advantages for business, its population, both as regards numbers and wealth, has already decreased, and probably will continue to do so in future years. But let us not tarry longer before visiting the birth-place and early home of our youthful friend.

It is a quiet, unpretending farm-house, with little in its external appearance to attract the observation of a stranger.

But like many another humble home, it is one around which in future years the treasured memories of loving hearts will cling with tendrils strong and enduring as life itself. At the mention of our "early home," what a tide of emotion will flow over the soul from the deep, broad ocean of the past, hiding from our view all the realities of the present.

We will first take a survey of the exterior of the house and its surroundings, and afterwards, if you please, we will go in and make the acquaintance of Mr. Cleaveland, and his family, for he is a pleasant, genial man, and always courteous and hospitable to strangers.

Just across the street, and directly opposite the house, is a green hill-side, and midway up the slope a row of trembling poplars, with one beautiful black walnut. On the brow of the hill are a

few peach-trees, whose delicious fruit in autumn gladdens the mouths, if not the hearts, of our juvenile friends at the base of the hill. If we stand a few moments on the summit of this hill, we can almost at a glance take a view of the immediate premises, and the more distant scenery. The first object which claims our attention is a tall, majestic, and graceful elm, which is the pride of all the household, and elicits the just admiration of every beholder. The erect, strong trunk supports with easy dignity the far-spreading branches, towering high above all surrounding objects. But it is not alone for its beauty that these good people love this tree, but more especially because it was planted here, when a tender sapling, by the hand of a revered ancestor, and for his sake is a cherished treasure. It was the same hand that reclaimed these



fertile lands from the native wilderness. And it was he also who planted the butter-nut close by the elm, which yearly furnishes bushels of nuts for youthful hands to crack. In the yard are the indispensable lilies, also damask and the real old-fashioned, fragrant white rose. Along the garden fence are lilac bushes, currants, raspberries, and caraway, with a mingling of sweet primroses. And then come peach-trees, and cherry-trees, and the pleasant green meadow in the rear of the house. And there are apple-trees, bearing luscious pound-royals, seek-no-furtherers, round-hoops, and many others, bearing familiar but more local names.

Away to the east of us a few miles, rising against the clear blue sky, stand those twin mountains between whose bases flow the deep waters of the beautiful Connecticut. A little further to the left

you can catch a glimpse of College Hill, with its far-famed halls of learning. Here and there may be seen a spire glittering in the sunlight, telling us that in this lonely valley the God of nature and of grace is acknowledged and worshipped as the only living and true God. At the back of us are cultivated fields, green pastures, deep forests, and wood-capped hills. And is there nothing in all this varied scene to inspire the youthful mind with an appreciating love and admiration for the beautiful works of the great Creator? These rocks and hills also teach important lessons to the thoughtful mind. And here the hidden germ of high-toned, well-directed enthusiasm may spring up and expand, until, in after years, it shall yield choice fruits, and scatter far and wide the golden seeds of noble effort,

pure and elevating principles, and the influence of a manly, Christian life.

And now we will descend the hill, and enter the house. It is substantially built, after the approved style of the last century, although it has been remodelled and enlarged at a later date. It is almost entirely sheltered by the protecting branches of the elm, where some of the feathered songsters hang their tiny nests. The house in front has two large square rooms, and a small entry between, with stairs leading to the chambers,—the kitchen, pantry, bedroom, and all et ceteras in the rear. There are no tokens of luxury, for we are not to find wealth, or its accompaniments, here, but simplicity, frugality, and comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland are just in the prime of life, with three dear children,—two bright, active boys, and a curly-haired little girl.

Edward was the oldest of the three, then George, and Susan the youngest.

Mr. Cleaveland is a tall, thin, pale-looking gentleman, for his health was always delicate, but he has a fine, dark, thoughtful eye, glossy hair, and an open, pleasant countenance which at once attracts you. His manner is easy and cordial, and there is about him a true native politeness which makes every one feel at home in his presence. He is intelligent and agreeable, and in conversational powers excels most men in his circumstances. His mind is of a superior order, and if he could have enjoyed firm health and greater educational advantages in early life he would have been a man of mark in almost any profession he might have chosen to pursue. As it is, he is known, beloved, and respected by a large circle of friends at home and abroad. Mrs. Cleaveland is a tall, pleasant-

looking lady, and it has been slyly whispered in our ear that in her girlhood she was rather beautiful, but whether this be true or false we care but little; for well has the wise man declared that "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, *she shall be praised.*" Mrs. C. is a woman of sterling worth, mentally, morally, and socially. Truly, and in a broad sense of the passage, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." "And her children will rise up and call her blessed."

As we follow Edward in his upward path, we shall often find occasion to notice the influence of early training, and the power of parental precept and example; and, for this reason, we give greater prominence to these home influences. In what has been said of this husband and

wife, this father and mother, the most important feature of their character has been scarcely mentioned. Their piety—their whole-souled, warm-hearted, active, Bible piety—was the corner-stone, the supporting pillar, and the crowning beauty of all this structure. In early life they found the blessed Saviour very precious to their souls, and publicly consecrated themselves to him and his service forever. Each is one of a large family, the child of praying parents, who long ago made a holy covenant with their God, like Joshua of old, promising that, “As for us and our house, we will serve the Lord.” Unitedly, these families number sixteen children who reached mature years, and all but one have had their names enrolled with the church on earth, some of whom, we hope, are now with the church in heaven.

What richer legacy can a parent be.

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queath to a child than the golden treasure of pious teaching, coupled with a beautifully consistent Christian life? None, surely; for its price is far above rubies, and more precious than the most costly stones; "Rather to be desired than gold; yea, than much fine gold." Youthful parents, seek not to lay up for yourselves or your children the treasures of this world, but for yourselves and the precious immortals given you by God, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added."

These blessed words were the rule of action for Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland, when they assumed the responsibilities of the united head of a household. Morning and evening the voice of grateful, fervent prayer arises from this family altar. These children have been early consecrated to God by public baptism in his house, and



in the inner chambers of these parents hearts, where none but the eye of Omniscience looked upon the offering; but, well pleased, he saw and accepted the sacrifice, even as he has promised. And early they are taught to lisp their evening prayers before they lay their infant forms to rest, and after the morning devotions of the family, these three little ones together kneel, and whisper in the ear that ever listens to the cry of the young. The Testament is one of the first books they are taught to read, and their young minds are early stored with precious Bible truths which in after years may be of unspeakable service to them. And here, too, we may see family discipline such as we admire, but so often fail to behold. It is not rigid and severe, but kind, mild, and affectionate, yet firm and unwavering. An obedience ready and cheerful is required



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and expected. The parents' word is not to be trifled with, and no threats are made except such as are designed to be executed. We would not imply that these children are always perfectly well-behaved, models of excellence, to such an extent as to cause apprehension that they "will not live long, for they are too good for earth." Not a bit of all this, for they are very much like other children, subject to like faults and foibles, but they are taught to love, honor, and *obey* their parents. The will of the child is to yield to the judgment of the parents, and the conquest is always on the right side. The rod is seldom used, but, whenever it is necessary, the parents remember and practise the precept of the wise man, so often repeated in his proverbs. We do not hesitate to declare that this wholesome discipline, this family government, will be a source of joy

and gratitude to these children so long as they live, and they will regard it as one of the greatest blessings a kind Providence could bestow.

Have we lingered too long on these preliminaries, and are you weary of the theme? Pardon me, then, but it is sometimes both pleasant and instructive to trace the relation between cause and effect, and this is one great reason for dwelling thus long around this hearthstone. The home of the child, most generally speaking, is the mould in which the character is cast, and eternity will alone reveal the true importance of home influence. There are exceptions, we know, where noble characters have arisen from miserable, wretched families, but they are the exceptions.

## CHAPTER II.

### HIS BOYHOOD.

As we have seen, Edward was the eldest of these children. He was a tall and rather slender boy, with fair complexion, dark brown hair, and eyes which were very large and expressive, of a dark blue color, and when animated, as he often was, they darkened and expanded until a casual observer would almost pronounce them black. He was an active child, and seldom still for a moment, unless he had a book in his hand which interested him, and then he was oblivious to all surrounding sights or sounds. His disposition was affectionate, but cannot be described as

mild and gentle, but rather as impulsive and impetuous, which led him to do and say many things which a moment's reflection would have prevented. His movements were quick as thought, and he seemed to be a real lover of mischief, and thoughtless of consequences. But, as his kind mother so often said, "Edward does not mean any harm," and, truly, it was only the outgushing of an ardent active nature, which must have exercise in some way.

He loved fun and frolic, and wanted something "going on" constantly, and, though his feelings were kind and tender, he did not always stop to think, and in an instant obeyed the first impulse of his mind. In this way he grieved his more gentle and cautious brother George, who often checked him in his sport. As an example of this, I will give a trifling inci-

dent that a lady who witnessed it loves often to relate as an illustration of the two brothers. In returning from school one day they spied two beautiful little yellow birds, perched upon a bush by the roadside. Quick as thought Edward picked up a stone and threw into the bush, just for the fun of seeing the timid birds fly away, and then another stone was thrown to make them fly again, and so he continued to annoy them, George begging him all the time to desist, for he was afraid he would hurt the poor frightened birds. At last the tears began to flow, and, in a beseeching tone, George called out to him, "O Edward, I do wish you would come away and let those yellow birds alone." So Edward left them, saying, "Why, George, it don't hurt them any."

You would almost think, to see Edward

sometimes, and watch his varied movements, that he had only studied one passage of Scripture, and intended to obey that literally, viz: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." At school he was behind none in his classes, and in the playground he was first of the band. When he was at work, for he was early obliged to bear his part in the work of the farm, he was as active as in his play. He was, from earliest boyhood, very fond of fishing, and would often say to his brother, when a certain portion of work had been assigned them, "Come, George, let us hurry and finish our task, so that we can go fishing;" and then he would put forth all his strength and energy to complete the labor, and enjoy his favorite sport. When Edward was eight years old his grandparents came to live in the home beneath the old elm.

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Old Mrs. Cleaveland was in feeble health, being afflicted with that fatal disease, consumption. Her appetite was very delicate, and a little nicely cooked trout, fresh from the brook, would often be most grateful to her taste; and Edward would always delight to catch the shining beauties, and, although very fond of eating them himself, it afforded him much more pleasure to give them to his grandmother. He was not quite ten years old when she died, but many a trout had been caught for her by Edward, with his hook and line. There is one feature in the training of these boys which I would not omit to mention. It was the invariable custom for them, during the two long vacations of school, one in spring and the other in autumn, to spend two hours each day in reading. A fixed hour was assigned for the morning, and another for the afternoon. When the

appointed time arrived, their good mother would call them from their play to engage in reading. A part of this time was always devoted to perusing the Holy Bible, so that before they were ten years old, each had read the whole, both Old and New Testament, entirely through by course several times. This was not regarded by them as a tiresome requirement, but was a present pleasure, and of inestimable benefit to them in after life, and through them to others.

After Edward was ten years old he never attended school in the summer, as his services were needed on the farm, but previously to that time, after he was three years of age, he was generally in school from eight to ten months of the year. He read the New Testament through in course before he was five, though he was never regarded as a precocious child, and, in this



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matter of reading, did not surpass the younger children. He always loved the Sabbath school, and nearly all his life was, in some capacity, connected with it. In his early boyhood one custom prevailed which has long since passed away. Though it is regarded by many as an altogether absurd practice, yet we know there are not a few who love to look back upon it as a time-hallowed custom of their childhood, and feel truly grateful that they were ever, we might almost say, *forced* to engage in it. This was the study and recital of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. There are many children, I fancy, who have pondered over that word *Shorter*, totally unable to satisfy themselves what it signified. It would not be easy for a child to comprehend the possibility of a longer Catechism, or one more difficult to commit and recite *verbatim*, for it is not

peculiarly adapted to infant minds. But it has been felt to be a real treasure in after-life, by many who sighed over it when children. In the family of Mr. Cleaveland, as in many pious New England families, it was a regular Sabbath afternoon exercise to hear the children recite a small portion from the primer, which had been committed during the previous week; and it was, also, the closing exercise of each week in the district school. This latter custom, in particular, could not be reasonably observed at the present day, for there is in every community such a variety of religious sentiment, that such doctrinal teaching could not be tolerated. But, at that time, it might almost be said of the good people in the town of H., that, in religious matters, they were "of one heart and one mind." There were but very few exceptions for

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many years, though now, as in most towns, there is a diversity of opinion upon religious subjects.

There was a vacation in the Sabbath school every spring, of a few weeks, before the summer organization took place, and during this interval the children and youth were expected to recite the Catechism in church. The good minister, Mr. G., was a kind friend to all the little folks, and knew every child in his parish by name. He would give notice on one Sabbath that on the next he should question the children in the Catechism as far as "Effectual Calling;" and such studying of primers as there would be then, by the little girls and boys; for it was a great mortification to make a mistake, and each one was called upon in turn. At the appointed time the children would take their places in the middle aisle, the smaller ones stand

ing in front of the "Deacon's seat," that they might answer the first questions, which were more simple and easy to remember, and then the line of bright faces would extend, on either side of the aisle, almost to the door. The grandmothers would often take a position in the square pews behind the children, that they might gently prompt the faltering. Mr. G. would then commence by asking the little one at the head of the row, "What is the chief end of man?" If the answer was correctly given he would encourage the trembling child by a word of approbation, and pass on. Each little heart would beat more quickly as their turn drew nigh, and, unless they were very confident of a perfect recitation, a relief was manifestly felt when the answer had been given. Not a word was allowed to be either omitted or misplaced, and the

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articulation must be clear and distinct, to elicit unqualified approval from the good pastor; and to obtain this was the ambitious desire of every one. Edward Cleaveland's voice would sound forth loud and clear; for he knew his lesson perfectly, and was not afraid to speak. He was not a bold boy, neither was he foolishly timid; and when he was called upon to speak, he did not hang down his head, as if ashamed to look up, but, with a sparkling eye and glowing face, he would look his pastor or teacher full in the face, and answer so that all in the house could hear, and the approving words, "That's right, my boy," were reward enough.

This exercise was repeated for three or four Sabbaths every spring, and the whole Catechism was thus yearly recited, and its influence on those youthful minds and

hearts did not pass away when the custom ceased to be observed, but still lives.

We have seen Edward's love of reading, but we would not forget that the facilities for gratifying this taste were much less twenty-five or thirty years ago than at the present day, when "of making books there is no end." The "Youth's Companion" was a constant visitor at Mr. Cleaveland's from its first issue until the children could no longer be counted as such. Its weekly visit was hailed with delight, and its contents eagerly read by all the family. The Sabbath School Library did not then afford as great variety of juvenile books as now, but Edward was intensely interested in many volumes which were not altogether adapted to the minds of most children. Not that he was a precocious boy, but intelligent, and very fond of reading.

There was a social library in the town

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of H., from which all the members, on a given day, once in two months, could draw a limited number of volumes. Mr. Cleveland owned a share in this library, but, as the library room was some two or three miles from his home, and his health was never firm, he could seldom be present at the meetings of the society, which were always held in the evening; but as soon as Edward was old enough, he was almost always there to obtain his share of the books. If for any reason he could not ride, he much preferred walking the two and a half miles, and home again, to the loss of his reading; and then every leisure moment was employed over his books. The hour after dinner, which, in all ordinary cases, was allowed for rest and recreation, before returning to the labors of the field, was not often spent in play while he had an unread book. If he

returned from work five minutes before the meal was ready, his book was in his hand, and not unfrequently would he bring it to the table, to improve the moment after the blessing was invoked, before his turn came to be helped. If he had enjoyed as much opportunity for reading as many boys of his age now do, I hardly think he would have been quite excusable for taking his book to the table with him, for that is not the most suitable place for reading. But we do not feel inclined to censure him for it. He loved history exceedingly, and books of travels in foreign lands were very attractive to his mind. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and possessed a taste for the marvellous, but not to excess, and in his reading it was never indulged to any great extent. He read very rapidly, though he grasped the whole. His memory was both ready and



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retentive; his perceptive faculties quick and strong; and his eyes and ears were always open to learn something new. He would know the "why and wherefore" of everything, and often annoyed and puzzled his elders by incessant questions, upon nearly every conceivable subject. Of reading or hearing stories he would never tire, and his large, prominent blue eyes would expand and sparkle, and his whole countenance glow with earnestness, as he read, or listened with almost breathless attention.

In the winter months Edward was always in school; for several years at the district school, and afterwards at the academy in his native town. He always boarded at home and walked to school, although the academy was two and a half miles distant. But he cared not for the distance, if he could only enjoy the privi-

lege of attending school. He was not a mere "bookworm," although he had a strong desire for knowledge; but he was as ready to enter earnestly into the sports of his playmates, as to engage in his studies in the schoolroom. His thoughts, time, and energy were given, with a right good will, to the occupation before him, whether it was a difficult problem in mathematics, a chapter of history, a lesson in chemistry, or a game of ball on the green. He delighted in experiments in natural philosophy and chemistry, and no study or science was regarded by him as dull or tedious. In the debating club he took an active and prominent part, and in declamation he excelled most of his fellows; for he had a deep, full voice, and he entered into the spirit of the words he uttered.

## CHAPTER III.

### IMPAIRED HEALTH; FIRST EFFORTS IN TEACHING.

As I have said, Edward was early obliged to assist in the labor of the farm, and both himself and his brother were accustomed to work more constantly and faithfully than most boys of their age. They were generally well, but tall and slender, and less robust than many; still they were as regularly in the field as most men.

Mr. Cleaveland, Edward's father, was never strong, and for many years seldom able to be much in the field. But the good old grandfather lived with them, and

was for years their almost constant companion in labor. He was a godly man, a faithful and active servant of his divine Master; he lived honored and respected by all who knew him, and died universally lamented, at the age of nearly fourscore years. It was a necessary consequence of his own early life and habits, that he should have but a limited degree of sympathy with the boyish sports and wild fancies of his grandsons. In reality, he was never a boy himself, but a man from childhood, and his patience was often taxed by the thoughtlessness of his grandchildren, particularly of Edward. For in the field Edward's tongue often kept equal pace with his hands, and sometimes he would quite forget himself, or his work, and the hoe, the rake, or the axe, would be idle in his hand, while his thoughts were busy with some stirring scene in the

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revolution, or following Robinson Crusoe, on his lonely island; or, perchance, he was asking how, or why, or when, and where such and such things were done. He was often careless, too, and, in his rapid movements, his clothes were not unfrequently soiled or torn needlessly, and sometimes he would wound himself, when a little caution on his part would easily have prevented it. Several times in his boyhood he was so much injured by using an axe or scythe with too little care as to be disabled for weeks. Edward was very sorry to be laid aside from work, for he knew that his services were always needed, as his father did not possess adequate pecuniary means to hire help continually, although they had a hired man part of the year. But these weeks of lameness were not lost to Edward, for they afforded him a fine opportunity to read, and were dili-

gently improved; and he also was furnished with an opportunity to cultivate the grace of patience, and this enabled him in after years to endure constant pain with cheerfulness, to such a degree that a looker-on would not suspect that he suffered at all.

I believe our kind and wise heavenly Father had a merciful design in all these events, trifling though they may appear; but "with the Omniscient there are no such things as trifles." All have a bearing in accomplishing the infinite plan. If I have spoken of faults and defects in the early character, it is because I wish to speak truthfully, for they really existed, and also to exhibit the success of his efforts to overcome them. When we see another, who has been enabled by constant striving, aided by promised strength from above, to conquer defects of temper

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or of habit, it may encourage us to redouble our own watchfulness and prayerfulness in the attempt to overcome some besetting sin in ourselves.

When Edward was sixteen his grandfather was called home to his eternal rest, as a shock of corn gathered in its season, fully ripe. He left to his children and his children's children the legacy of pious counsels, fervent prayers, and a holy life, and, although he "rests from his labors," yet "his works do follow him."

And now a still larger share of labor and responsibility devolved upon Edward and George, Mr. Cleaveland being often only able to advise with them, although at times he could give them the encouragement and assistance of his actual presence.

The brothers still continued to attend school during the winter, at the same time discharging the daily labors of a farmer

in winter, with but little extra hired help.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland possessed rational and practical views of the relative importance of wealth and mental and moral culture. They regarded frugality and industry as Christian virtues, and ever practised them as such, and not merely because their circumstances seemed to require it. They felt it both a duty and privilege to provide a competence for their family, so far as was possible in consistency with duties of a more strictly moral nature. Their first care and anxiety was for the spiritual welfare of their children, and to see them active, useful members of the church of Christ. And next to this, and partly blended with it, was the earnest wish to give them all the advantages for mental cultivation which could consistently be allowed.



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To accomplish this object they gladly and contentedly denied themselves comforts and conveniences which they might otherwise have enjoyed. They wanted to see them well-disciplined, intelligent, benevolent Christians,—with correct, enlarged views of their relations and obligations to God, and also of their duties and privileges as social beings.

The almost incessant labors to which Edward had so long devoted himself, at a time when his physical system was rapidly developing, proved too severe a tax upon his strength. He had a good degree of ambition, unusual energy and perseverance, with an undaunted will. As he advanced in years, his desire for knowledge waxed stronger and stronger still, and, as a student, he became more and more diligent, and all his energy was directed, for the time, to the one object of acquiring

the knowledge for which he thirsted. I do not mean by this that he did not care for, or engage in anything else, for he was still the same active, ambitious youth, away from his books.

One day, nearly the last term of his school days, he was spending a part of the intermission in pretty lively exercise, running a race with some of his fellows. He determined not to be outrun, and did not stop to reflect upon the possible consequences of over-exertion, for his ambition was roused. He continued to run, with all the ardor of his nature, until a sudden pain in his side compelled him to relinquish the race. It was many years after this before that side was free from pain for a single moment; and this one incident, probably, had a powerful influence in deciding the course of his after life. It was not this single exertion alone, but a com-

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bination of circumstances, and this added to them was the deciding weight in the scale. It was not very apparent at first, but, as time passed on, it became evident that he would be obliged to seek some occupation less laborious than that of a farmer. He longed for a collegiate education, but this seemed impracticable. Mr. Cleaveland, with his feeble health, had not the pecuniary ability to justify such a course, and Edward had not the physical strength to warrant the attempt to supply the necessary funds himself. It was not without a severe and oft-repeated struggle with his own heart, that he could cheerfully relinquish this ardent wish, and he had not yet learned meekly to say, "Thy will be done."

He first turned his thoughts to the avocation of a teacher, but with no well-defined plan for the future, only to meet

the emergency of the present, and therefore sought some district school for the winter.

He had reached his twentieth year when he first entered upon the duties of common school teacher, in a retired district, in a neighboring town. His school numbered not more than twenty scholars, but he could find enough to employ his time and energy in the discipline and instruction of even twenty pupils, varying in age from four to seventeen years. Good order, ready obedience, and thorough recitations, were with him the fundamental rules of teaching. He wished to witness the improvement of the youthful minds committed to his care, and he knew this would be secured only by the united efforts of both teacher and scholar. He had been a boy himself, and had often suffered from the well-intended but injudicious discipline of

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his instructors, and he resolved to profit by past experience. The term passed pleasantly and profitably to both teacher and scholars, and the result gave gratifying evidence that Edward possessed ability and adaptation to instruct youthful minds successfully.

The succeeding summer was spent at home, upon the farm, so far as his strength would allow him to labor. In the autumn his services as teacher were sought and obtained for a village school in another adjoining town. This was a larger, and, in many respects, a much more difficult school, than the one of the previous winter. There were some strong-willed boys, and, possibly, girls too, who had never learned the beauty of ready submission to a parent's command at home, and, of course, would not cheerfully submit to a teacher's rules at school.

But the contest was neither long nor severe, for a few instances of wholesome discipline established beyond a question the supremacy of the teacher. After a little time, a glance from those expressive eyes was, in most cases, all that was required to secure obedience. But he never ruled with "a rod of iron," for there are very few who so entirely win the hearts of pupils as did Edward Cleaveland. He gave them his sympathy, and manifested a true interest in their highest welfare and improvement, and in this way secured for himself their most perfect confidence.

It was then the custom in nearly all districts for the teacher to "board around," and, although this practice is on the whole very undesirable, yet it is not entirely destitute of advantage to all parties. In the homes of the children he became a favorite

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with both parents and children. And so the winter wore away, giving mutual satisfaction to the employed and the employers. His name is still remembered by many of those pupils and their parents, as that of a beloved, faithful, and successful teacher.

But his labors were suddenly terminated in this school, before the expiration of his engagement, by an event which will be mentioned in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SCENE OF SUFFERING AND SORROW.—RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

A DARK cloud was hovering over the home and family of Mr. Cleaveland, the details of which may, possibly, seem uncalled for in this little volume, but it is so intimately connected with the religious life and experience of Edward, that I think it can scarcely be deemed out of place. I have thus far said almost nothing of the religious character of Edward, for I preferred rather to give it a place by itself, up to this period, although hereafter it will be as a part and parcel of his every day. Although Edward was always a dili



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gent reader of the Bible, a lover of the Sabbath school, a constant and attentive listener in the sanctuary, and a conscientious, truthful, and strictly moral boy and youth, yet he had reached his majority before his heart was brought to a personal knowledge of salvation through the blood of a crucified Saviour, and the sanctifying influences of the blessed Spirit. When he was about eighteen years of age, there was a season of special religious interest in the town of H., and some of Edward's young associates were hopefully renewed. Edward was for a time much interested for his own salvation, and for a little season hoped that he had tasted the joys of the penitent, pardoned soul; but he subsequently relinquished this hope, although I think he was never indifferent to the demands of this all-important subject.

I have often spoken of the feeble health

of Mr. Cleaveland, and for many years he was a victim of pulmonary consumption. Slowly, but steadily and surely, it was wearing his life away, and for nearly two years previous to the time I have mentioned, he was unable to do any labor, or attend much to business. It was not until the last six or seven weeks of Mr. Cleaveland's life, that either himself or family was fully convinced that his stay with them must be short. They had become so much accustomed to the constant cough, the pale, thin form, the sunken cheek, and faltering step, that they scarcely noted the progress of the destroyer. Some closed their eyes to the actual truth, though sometimes reason would show them the falsity of their hopes. It was not because Mr. C. feared to die, or that he shrunk from passing the dark valley, for he felt there was prepared for him a crown of life, which

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the Lord would give him at the last day, for the sake of Jesus, in whom he had long trusted for salvation. But he loved and enjoyed life as the gift of God, and he loved the service of his Master, while it was his pleasure to prolong his stay on earth. He was deeply interested in all the great moral and religious movements of the day, thoroughly imbued with a self-sacrificing spirit of Christian benevolence, and earnestly devoted to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. For many years he was a successful and laborious superintendent of the Sabbath school, and at other times, whenever health would permit, an efficient teacher in the same blessed institution. As an officer of the church he was long beloved and respected. As a citizen he was known and honored for clearness of intellect, sound judgment, and integrity of character. But the work

which now remained for him to accomplish in honor of his God and Saviour, was a work of patient suffering. It is not an easy thing for the heart, in sincerity, to say "Thy will, O God, be done," but "My grace," says the Holy One, "shall be sufficient for thee."

On the first Sabbath of the new year, in the winter of which I have spoken, Mr. Cleaveland enjoyed the privilege of commemorating a dying Saviour's love, with his fellow Christians, and it was the last time he ever entered the house of God. It was a precious season to his soul, and perhaps the more so because for many months he had been seldom able to enter the sanctuary that he loved so well. Although very feeble, he felt an almost irresistible desire to speak once more to the beloved Sabbath school. Most kindly and affectionately he spoke a few words

of loving admonition, and then he spoke pleasantly and cheerfully of death, as of going home, after a long and weary absence. To the child of God death was but the entrance to his Father's house, an eternal home of happiness and joy, where the treasures of his heart would be enjoyed forever.

He alluded to the physical suffering that might be experienced before we could enter those shining portals, and said, "If we had been absent a long time from our home, and the dearest ones of our hearts, and we were about returning to this beloved place, to dwell with the joyous circle who would there welcome us with delight, would not our hearts be filled with pleasant anticipations? If some one should tell us that just before we reached this home we should step upon a thorn, that would pierce our foot and cause us

momentary pain, would it lessen our joyful hope, or darken our bright anticipations? No, we should scarcely give it a passing thought. And the pains of death are only as a little thorn in our way to our heavenly home, where we shall live forever before the throne."

It was no ordinary thorn on which he was called to tread as he neared his Jerusalem home, but he leaned upon the arm of Jesus, the Great Physician, and he bound up each wound with the holy ointment of Christian patience, and cheered every pain with the light of his loving countenance.

It was a pleasant diversion for Mr. Cleaveland, in his retirement and debility, to watch the changes of the weather, as indicated by the thermometer; and it was his custom, on first rising in the morning, to step out upon the piazza and look at

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the little instrument. One morning, soon after the sacred season to which I have referred, when the dampness of a winter fog had frozen upon the floor, he stepped out, as usual, on to the piazza, cautiously, as he thought, to avoid the ice, but at the first step from the threshold his foot slipped, and he fell violently upon the floor. There was no apparent local injury, but the severe shock to his general system was more than his feeble frame could endure, and he never recovered from it; and from that hour his strength wasted, and his sufferings became intense.

For two or three weeks he continued to take his meals with the family, as usual, and to lead the devotions at the family altar; but the cough was more and more troublesome, and the difficulty of breathing was, at times, distressing, until, at length, he could leave his room no more. And



that sick-room was a place where God made rich and glorious displays of his power and loving-kindness. There was manifested the sweet submission of a stricken child, and the holy joy of the dying believer.

The heart of that wife and mother was sorely tried as she saw the loved companion of her youth about to leave her, but she bowed her will to the Supreme. In bitter tears would she ask herself, "Who will take his place at the family altar? Who will offer the morning and evening sacrifice?" For as yet the incense of humble, penitent prayer went not up from the heart of one of her three children. And must the sacrifice henceforth be offered by a priestess in this household, which, from generation to generation, had enjoyed the ministry of God's chosen servants? Yes, surely, rather than



that the altar be destroyed. But is not the covenant "to them and to their children?"

But we will turn to that sacred room again. That pious father believed in God, and knew in whom he had believed. No doubts of acceptance dimmed the brightness of his spiritual vision. Not for himself had he one anxiety, but he remembered perishing souls around him, and the loved church to which he belonged, and earnestly in faith did he pray that the Spirit might descend with mighty power, to arouse slumbering Christians, and bring multitudes of the impenitent to the feet of Jesus. He did not forget his own beloved children, yet he seemed to have taken them in the arms of faith and laid them upon God's altar, with an almost perfect trust that the Lord would accept the offering. He said and truly felt that the souls of

his children were no more precious than the souls of any others. Was it that the father was wholly swallowed up in the Christian, that he seemed to feel as deeply for other sinners as for his own children? If so, we have good reason to believe that it was well pleasing to God.

For days and weeks the watchers by that couch of severe suffering looked almost hourly for the release of the fettered spirit, and for himself his prayer was that he might have grace to wait and suffer God's appointed time.

It was to minister to the comfort of his dying father that Edward left his school before the close of the term, and, though a mournful one, it was a precious privilege to all who were allowed to witness the cheerful trust of the believer. Although it caused the bravest hearts to quail, as they saw the contest between

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nature and the destroying foe, yet many friends felt that it was good to be there, and not a few precious souls will praise God through eternity for the sanctified lessons of those weeks.

Some three weeks before his final departure, as the family were for a brief hour left alone, Mr. Cleaveland, feeling that his breath might cease at any moment, desired to take leave of the dear circle. They gathered around his bed, and, while tears which could not be repressed flowed from all other eyes, with eyes that were to weep no more, and a calm and cheerful smile, he gave to each the parting hand, and breathed the word farewell; and then with a few feebly uttered but earnest words, he commended himself and his precious family to his Saviour's care, and prayed that "we may all meet, a happy family, in heaven." But weeks of weari-

ness and pain were assigned to him before the crown of victory could be given him, all of which were borne without one murmuring word.

At one time he said, "This is a dark cloud of suffering which is now hanging over us, but there is a bright cloud of glory behind it." On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning he said, with a smile, "This is a beautiful world; it is God's world; but I had hoped to be in a better world this morning." It was with great difficulty that he could converse at all, and was only able to speak a few words at intervals; but the few words of gentle admonition, patient submission, or of glorious hope, were as good seed sown and watered by the Holy Spirit, which took root in the hearts of those around him, and afterwards, as we believe, brought

forth fruit to the glory of God in the salvation of immortal souls.

One morning when his daughter, who was an invalid, entered the room, giving her his hand, he said, with a face radiant with a smile which told of perfect peace, though panting for breath, "Good morning, I am glad to see you looking better to-day;" then added, most impressively, "I want you should give your heart to Jesus." Her only reply was a silent pressure of the thin, white hand she held, but from that moment she felt that her word was sacredly pledged to that dying father, who was almost the idol of her heart, to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

And while this cloud of suffering was hanging over our friends, a great cloud of mercy was hovering over this portion of Zion, and before Mr. Cleaveland closed

his eyes in his last sleep, he had the sweet pleasure of knowing that the Spirit of God was moving the hearts of the impenitent around him, and that many were turning to the Lord. It would almost seem that his life had been unexpectedly prolonged, that he might witness on earth the answer to his long-continued, earnest prayers for a blessing.

But he did not live to hear the song of praise for pardoning mercy from the lips of his own children, though we hope it was not long before he rejoiced, in company with the angels in heaven, over those repenting souls.

And, finally, the day arrived when this ransomed soul exchanged its frail, emaciated tenement of clay for a "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He was almost the first to notice the signs of immediate dissolution,

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and each hour he watched the progress of death. But death came to him only as a welcome friend, and he felt no fear, for he leaned upon the arm of his Beloved. When his sight was wholly obscured, and he knew his release was very near, he called for his family, and, one by one, they received the last kiss from those icy lips, and heard his last farewell. Then, quietly folding his hands upon his breast, he breathed the words, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "Into thy hands I commit my spirit." These were his last words. Short and shorter was each breath, each pulse more feeble, until the heart ceased to beat, and he was free.

And he went *not* "as one lies down to pleasant dreams," but as one enters on unspeakably bright and sure realities. It was at evening, just as the last red light was fading from the sky of early spring,



that this ransomed spirit was borne to the courts of the New Jerusalem, to be robed in spotless white, and with the heavenly choir to sing the praises of the Lamb that was slain, to go no more out forever.

“AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”

And two days after, while the clouds dropped rain, and tears flowed from many eyes, they bore his sacred form to its last silent resting-place, and beside the open grave they sang that beautiful hymn commencing,

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,”

and heard those blessed words, “I am the resurrection and the life.” And there they laid him, to await the trump of the last great day, and left him alone with his God. And there we, too, will leave him, and return to the lonely home, and to our friend Edward; but let us carry with



us from this scene a hallowed influence for good.

And now all offices of love and attention were at an end for the loved one who had so long engrossed the thoughts and time of this family circle, and it only remained for them to make a wise and spiritual improvement of this dispensation, and the lessons it so forcibly taught them.

For one short week that afflicted mother's voice was heard amid her tears, pleading importunately from that altar, whose priest had been raised to a more exalted service, that these afflictions might be sanctified to them all by the blessing of the gracious Spirit. All felt that now was the time to seek the Lord,—that this was, indeed, a day of grace. The mercy-drops were falling around them; meetings for conference and prayer were solemn and impressive, and preaching services deeply

interesting. But to the hearts of those three children the still small voice from that sick-room was most intensely powerful. Their education had been eminently religious, and this they now saw and felt increased their guilt in the sight of a righteous God. They knew there was none other name or way than that of the blessed Jesus and his blood, by which they could hope for salvation, and each silently resolved to rest not until they should find peace beside the cross of Calvary. A solemn stillness pervaded the house; little was said; but the Spirit was working powerfully and effectively in each heart.

A few days after the death of Mr. Cleaveland, as Edward was present at a little meeting for social prayer, the forty-second psalm, most beautifully commencing, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, (

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God; my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," was read. While he listened intently to those words, he felt them to be the earnest utterance of his own longing soul. And God was not far from that troubled sinner, but very near, even in his heart. It was then that the glorious Sun of Righteousness dawned, with a healing light, upon his sin-sick soul. There he laid his burden down beside the cross, and calmly raised his trusting eyes to the beaming face of a crucified and forgiving Saviour, and, with humble confidence, said with the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

In just one week after the remains of the father were consigned to their kindred dust, Edward knelt beside that family

altar, and breathed forth the prayer of his contrite and believing soul; and ere another week had passed, his brother George had a new song put into his mouth, and he was ready to bear his part in the ministrations of the altar; and from that time, while both remained at home, these brothers alternated morning and evening in the performance of this beautiful and delightful household duty.

In less than two weeks from the hour when they had heard the last farewell from the lips of that fondly loved husband and father, each member of that bereaved circle was hopefully trusting in God as their Father, in Jesus as their blessed Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit as their Sanctifier and Comforter. That mother's heart was made to leap for joy in the midst of the "valley of Baca," and the days of her first great sorrow were light-

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ened by a new and grateful gladness. The Lord was better to her than she feared, and her faith in him and his promises was strengthened.

But it was not in the family alone that the voices of these young Christians was heard in prayer, for at once they began to take an active part in the social meetings, and the influence of these early labors was never lost upon themselves, whatever the effect may have been upon others.

It is so much easier to take up the cross in the service of Christ when his love is first shed abroad in the heart, and the glow of devotion is new to the soul, than to delay until silence has become habitual. I am not one of those who believe that every one should be made to speak or pray in public, or be unreasonably urged to do so; but I do think that their efforts to do so should be encouraged

by elder Christians. I have heard professors of religion say that they did not wish to hear young converts speak or pray in meetings when there were more experienced Christians present, for it was not their place,—they could not do it to edification, and it was only the same thing over and over again. It was tiresome to listen to them. Is it tiresome to listen to the voice which tells of the joy of pardoned sin, and the love of Christ? Has not the heart of many an advanced disciple been melted, his love quickened, his faith strengthened, and his good resolutions renewed, as he has listened to the trembling, yet earnest words of some new-born soul? And is not the youthful soldier better prepared to take a bold stand in the army of the Lord for each judicious effort to bear a humble part in the Christian warfare? Let us, then, be careful not to offend one

of these little ones, who are precious in the sight of the Lord.

In a few months Edward Cleaveland, with his brother and sister, in company with nearly fifty of the recent hopeful converts, publicly professed their faith in Christ and entered into solemn covenant to be the faithful servants of the Lord. In reference to this occasion Edward said to his brother and sister that it was pleasant to think of uniting with the visible church in company with so many, but, if he should consult his own personal feelings merely, he should prefer to come alone and consecrate himself publicly; for it seemed to him that the solemn sense of individual responsibility, both toward God and his fellow-men, would be greater.

Edward was always strictly moral in all his habits and deportment, so that there was less change in his external character

than may be seen in many, or, perhaps, most young men. He always loved the truth, and was obedient to his parents. He ever respected religion, and admired the examples of piety with which he was familiar, and some portions of the Bible possessed great attractions for him, especially the historical part of it. But the change of heart was none the less real, and none the less needed because of this morality and integrity; for the motive was not love to God, and he had not until now a saving faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ.

But now he truly loved those truths which before he only respected, and delighted in the performance of those services which had been, in a great degree, matters of habit and early education. His heart was now deeply interested in that which formerly only reached his intellect.



He was, indeed, a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he saw the necessity of watchfulness and prayer to overcome a host of easily besetting sins.

Christian principle now governed his conduct, and controlled his naturally impulsive and somewhat impetuous disposition. Grace modified, purified, and strengthened the more noble and elevating elements of his character, and subdued and softened less desirable traits, thus forming a beautiful and symmetrical whole. His aspirations were lofty, but not ambitious, only as he coveted earnestly the best gifts. His standard for moral and intellectual attainments was high, and constantly ascending as he progressed onward and upward. And then came renewed longings of soul for superior advantages and a more thorough educational training. But there were even additional reasons why these earnest

desires could not be gratified, and reluctantly but cheerfully he yielded, following the dictates of conscience rather than inclination. He could now trust his heavenly Father's guidance, and fully believe that, although he could not at present understand the reason for this chain of opposing circumstances, yet all was ordered by unerring and infinite Wisdom and Love, and would result in his highest good.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOME DUTIES. — GOES ABROAD TO TEACH.

AFTER the death of his father, Edward felt that, for a time at least, his place was at home, to minister to the comfort of his widowed mother, and superintend and assist in the general business of the farm; as his brother was not yet qualified by age to take charge of such affairs legally. It is almost invariably the fact, when a man in moderate circumstances leaves an estate to be settled by others, the amount of property remaining after settlement is less than was expected; so it proved in the case of Mr. Cleaveland.

He was conscious that his pecuniary

affairs were somewhat embarrassed; still, he left his family with the assured feeling that a pleasant home, and means for a comfortable subsistence would remain for them, after all liabilities were discharged. But the result did not fully realize this expectation. Yet he left them a legacy far richer and more to be desired than houses or lands, or millions of gold and silver, which perish with the using.

Edward did not improve in health as the months passed away, and the effort of watching and tending his father in his last distressing illness greatly increased the difficulty in his side, so that it was more than ever apparent that he could never endure the severe practical life of a farm. He consequently decided to leave home as soon as suitable arrangements could be made, and devote his energies to teaching. The year following the death of his father

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he procured a situation in one of the Middle States, and there he labored for four years acceptably and successfully, gaining for himself the warm-hearted affection of his pupils, and the sincere friendship and enduring respect of the community.

A large circle of friends gathered around him, who admired his native talents, refined tastes, and high mental, moral, and social character. The flattering attentions he received, and the high position in society which was at once given him, instead of fostering a foolish and vain pride, which is both disgusting to others, and destructive to the continued progress of its possessor, only stimulated Edward Cleaveland to higher attainments, that he might become more truly worthy of the confidence already reposed in him. To the noble mind and heart of one who seeks cultivation and improvement from a correct sense of moral

obligation, success will induce a genuine and healthy gratitude, that leads to still more ardent endeavors for future growth; and such was the effect upon our friend. He regarded himself as a creature of God, endowed with powers and faculties capable of endless improvement and expansion. It was to him a holy joy that upward progress would be eternal, and he looked upon it as a sacred duty which he owed to his God and Saviour, to himself and to his fellow-men, to cultivate and enlarge these immortal powers, and, at the same time, it was to him a source of the purest enjoyment. And he wished to bless others to the extent of his ability, and for this reason it was a real pleasure to him to impart instruction, and here lay one great element of his success as a teacher. He loved his work, and gave himself to it

enthusiastically. It was not to him a task, but a delightful occupation.

Although Edward Cleaveland had gone forth from his early home, he carried with him a truly filial heart, and felt that, as the eldest son, he was henceforth to be the stay and support of his widowed mother; and for this he labored, and to fulfil this mission was a fixed and abiding purpose of his life. Nor was it simply in the relation of a son that the more beautiful and lovely traits of his character were displayed; for his generous affection and self-sacrificing devotion were not less apparent in the brother than the son.

I have scarcely mentioned Edward's only sister Susan, nor would I here speak of her, did I not feel that the omission of it would do injustice to the subject of this little sketch. Susan was the youngest flower in the little home garden of Mr

Cleaveland. The bud was lovely and beautiful, giving to those tender parents fair promise for the full and bright development of their cherished plant.

Those brothers, too, loved her most tenderly, and when she was a wee bit of a baby, Edward, though a very little boy, would sit in his little chair, and entreat his mother to let him hold his dear sister, and when she placed her in his arms he would hold her most carefully, and gaze admiringly on her chubby, round face, and bright black eyes. And, to his vision, at least, she was exceedingly beautiful.

But scarce six summers had passed over her curly head when the blighting breath of disease swept over her. The rose faded from her cheek, and never blossomed there more, and the blooming flower was changed to the pale, white lily. Those sparkling eyes were dimmed, and, at times, the win-



dows of her little soul were almost blotted out.

For many years a deep green shade at all times screened her eyes from the glad light of the sun, and almost covered her pale face. Although she dearly loved to read and study, it was only with her ears that her desire for knowledge could be gratified. But kind friends often read to her, and during their vacations her brothers used daily to devote an hour or two to reading her lessons in geography, history, and other primary studies, and then question her on what they had read. In this way she learned a little without using her eyes.

She was always the pet of the household, but a new element entered into their hearts as they beheld the stricken child. The loving pride which was awakened by the beautiful bud, gave place to a more

tender, sympathizing, watchful love. Not that they ever failed to love her truly, but they afterwards felt that too much of pride had been indulged, and they saw the goodness and mercy of their kind heavenly Father in thus testing their love to him by laying his hand upon their little idol.

Although after many years of suffering, medical treatment, under the blessing of God, availed to remove in a great measure the effect of disease, yet she was never fully restored, but was ever a fragile plant, that those tender friends believed could never endure the rougher duties of life, and most lovingly they sought to shield her from each rude blast.

Edward Cleaveland always loved his sister with the strength of his warm, generous, noble heart, and when that beloved, affectionate father was taken away, he cherished for her not only a brother's

constant affection, but there was also added to and blended with it something of a father's watchful care.

When she was able to attend school, which was not until after the death of her father, Edward from his own salary defrayed her expenses, and was never weary of contributing to her comfort and improvement. It was not without self-denial that these offices of love were performed by him, for he had only a moderate salary. But the more he cared for her wants and ministered to her necessity, the more closely was his heart bound to her, until their very lives seemed blended together. Her school friends used playfully to tell Susan that they were "much more like lovers than brother and sister, nor was their attachment less strong, deep, and abiding, though, of course, different in its nature, from the affection of two hearts

bearing to each other the relation of lovers.

One who knew Edward Cleaveland well for the last five years of his life said, in alluding to this brother and sister, "They are my *beau ideal* of what a brother and sister should be to each other." And, certainly, there are very few whose character as a brother shines brighter than did that of Edward Cleaveland; and he was honored and respected for it while living, and by many has his name been praised for it since he passed away to the better land.

There are not a few young men who seem to feel that their manliness and dignity are compromised by any polite and affectionate attentions to their sisters, especially if any other young ladies are present; and more particularly is this feeling manifested by those brothers who have

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enjoyed greater social and educational advantages than their sisters. But such young men never win for themselves the respect of the truly noble in society. And the same remark may apply with equal force to many a "would be" accomplished young lady, who treats with marked indifference, or even disrespect, her worthy but less favored brother. Alas! such foolish, short-sighted creatures realize little the injury they are thus doing to both themselves and others. The truly cultivated and refined brother or sister may be of incalculable service to other members of the home circle without any sacrifice of real good, but, on the contrary, will reap a rich reward in their own hearts. Self-denial, when exercised from right motives, and for the real good of others, yields some of the choicest fruit, and is the source of the sweetest joy that this world affords.

The consciousness of being a comfort and blessing to others will compensate for the loss of many more selfish pleasures, and this joy gladdened the soul of Edward Cleaveland for many years of his life. The promise is sure,—“The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.” To be sure, it is not always that the riches of this world are granted as the reward of true benevolence, but there are riches far more precious than the golden treasures of earth, which often “take to themselves wings and fly away,” but these shall abide forever.

And here I would mention a very rare but strikingly beautiful instance of filial and fraternal affection, overruling all other emotions and wishes, strong and tender as those other natural and reasonable longings of the soul might be. It was a high

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and noble but secret resolve that Edward Cleaveland made, and pledged himself to his own heart and his God to perform. He solemnly determined that his first duty was to provide for his mother and sister, and firmly resolved that he would never seek a home of his own, or allow his heart to fix its purest and holiest affections upon another, who might be the sunlight of such a home and the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, until his pecuniary resources should be such that he could do so without any infringement upon what he regarded as his first duty.

And faithfully did he execute his purpose, despite the earnest remonstrance of friends who could not read his heart, for he boasted not of his noble motive, and revealed it to very few. His sensitive spirit was often grieved as the thoughtless jest or the words of ridicule were turned

against him, by those who did not understand and could not appreciate the circumstances. He had the consciousness of right intent and the approval of his own heart, and, he fully believed, the blessed sanction of his Friend above. He was ever cheerful and happy, enjoying the many pleasures which surrounded him, without making himself unhappy by fruitless repinings for other joys.



## CHAPTER VI.

HIS HEALTH FAILS.—HE IS OBLIGED TO  
LEAVE TEACHING FOR A TIME.

THE months and years passed very pleasantly to Edward Cleaveland, for he loved his work, and rejoiced in the visible improvement of his pupils, and the increasing favor and respect of his patrons. But he labored too constantly, and allowed himself too little time for recreation and rest. He had not yet learned to exercise that care and attention to his physical well-being which experience taught him were indispensable to the preservation of his health.

With the exception of a yearly visit to his home friends, he scarcely allowed him-

self a week of relaxation for four years, and his duties were often very arduous. At the expiration of his fourth year of teaching he was so much debilitated as to render rest, or, at least, a change of occupation absolutely indispensable, unless he was willing to incur the guilt of committing slow, but certain suicide. It was not from choice, but necessity, that he bade adieu to his pupils and many friends in the delightful village of M. and its vicinity, and turned his face northward, expecting to return no more to his beloved charge. The pain in his side had been constant, and often very severe, and yet, so bright and cheerful was his spirit, and his face always so animated and pleasant, that no one would ever suspect that he experienced aught of pain. It is a blessed power which is given to some people to rise above the sufferings of the physical

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nature, and maintain a habitual and unfeigned cheerfulness under the most trying experiences of a diseased system. It is an attainment well worth striving after most earnestly and prayerfully, for it often adds very essentially to the comfort of those about us, and tends in a high degree to hasten the recovery of the sufferer. It is an occasion of gratitude to our kind Father in heaven, if ever such self-control is granted, and such perfect submission to all his dealings, that we can truly "*rejoice in the Lord at all times,*" and "*count it all joy,*" when we are passing through the various trials or "*temptations*" we experience here below.

Edward left with the best wishes of many true friends, and their unfeigned regrets. He returned home much enfeebled, and many fears were entertained that he would never be fully restored to

health; and, indeed, he could not expect to be strong and robust, for his constitution was greatly impaired.

He passed some weeks very pleasantly with the home circle, and spent a part of the summer in travelling through the Green Mountain State, and the north-eastern portion of New York. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, an eye and taste for whatever was beautiful or sublime in nature or art. His soul would seem filled with delight as he gazed upon a charming landscape, and it would be so indelibly painted upon his mind that it was ever after a source of pleasure to him; and the true and rational happiness he experienced from a ramble over the hills and vales of our beautiful New England contributed very essentially to the promotion of physical health. He looked upon the beauties of this world as the gift

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of our kind Creator, and regarded it as ingratitude to him not to love, admire, and appreciate these tokens of his power and loving care, and wherever he went he endeavored to cultivate this refining and elevating taste, both in himself and others. He was not a man of "*one* idea," and never sought to excel in one particular merely, but he labored to attain a high standard in mental, moral, social, and religious excellence; and he was ever on the watch for some opportunity to gain useful knowledge, and was quite as ready to impart to others what he had acquired. He was a keen observer of men and things, and therefore his travels were not in vain. Life to him was not simply existence, nor was it a weary toil, but a noble, God-given blessing. To quote his own words, "Oh, forsaken of God and despised by man must he be who has no eye for beauty, no

ear for music, no hand for toil, no head for thought, and no heart for love."

For more than a year Edward Cleaveland passed his time principally in the pursuit of health, partly at home, partly in travelling and other temporary occupations. And very delightful to the memory of some of his friends is the remembrance of those weeks and months when they enjoyed his presence.

Those pleasant social readings, the rides and walks, the quiet talks and cheerful hours of those days, are precious treasures of the heart. The rest and change were beneficial to his health, the pain in his side entirely left him, and he once more returned to his loved employment of teaching.

He was called to take charge of a grammar school in one of the most beautiful villages in Massachusetts, and soon

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the place grew to be a prosperous inland city.

His health was so far restored that he thought best to accept the offer, nor did he ever regret the decision. For eight years he labored in the same school, and there hundreds were brought under his influence, who have since gone forth into the wide world, many of them bearing in their characters the impress of his moulding hand. He did not feel that he was laboring merely for a present good, or that the effect was to cease with time and the life of the pupil here below. He looked beyond the fleeting hours, and the eventful scenes even of this world, and remembered that he was training minds not only to bear the responsibilities of the present life, but also for immortality.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HIS OWN IDEAS OF A TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

WE can best understand his aim and success as a teacher of youth by glancing at some of his own written opinions on the subject; and, hoping the influence upon the reader may be one of practical good, I will venture to quote some passages addressed to his fellow-teachers. It will be seen that he regarded the parent and teacher as coworkers in the high and holy calling of training the youthful mind, and that they were mutually dependent upon each other for success.

“The physical, mental, and moral growth and development of a child should be



watched and guarded with the most careful attention by every parent and teacher. There is no employment on earth which carries with it such heavy responsibilities, and which is so endless in its consequences as the moulding of the character and tastes, and, in a great measure, controlling the happiness and destiny of an immortal being. This work has been committed almost wholly to the parent and the teacher. The trust is most assuredly theirs.

“Plans for breaking up bad habits, such as idleness, carelessness, profanity, and lying, should be mutually discussed, and when adopted, should be carried to a successful result by the earnest and hearty coöperation of both parent and teacher. The first thing to be secured is the habit of obedience, without which nothing can be accomplished. This is of vital importance, and no child

can be well educated without it. It is the corner-stone in the character of an intelligent, moral, and noble-minded man. Disobedience has filled our reform schools, our prisons, and our penitentiaries, and has brought and is bringing incalculable misery upon the human family.

“Mobs are headed, riots instigated, laws trampled upon, and governments overthrown, by those, and those only, who were accustomed to disobey their parents and teachers. Here should be the most perfect unanimity of feeling and action. If the rules and regulations of a school are just, obedience should be uncompromisingly maintained, by both parent and teacher. A misunderstanding on this point may prove fatal to progress, and forever ruin the child.

“The health of the young should be an object of special attention. ‘A sound

mind in a sound body,' is a maxim full of meaning. Habits which debilitate the body and impair its vigor should be broken up, a stooping posture changed to an erect one, awkwardness of manner to ease and grace, roughness and vulgarity to gentleness and purity. The mental powers should be harmoniously developed and judiciously directed. Thoroughness of instruction is also a matter of great importance. Many, it is to be feared, are too superficial in their instruction; forcing the child through a great number of pages, without his deriving any available knowledge, or permanent power.

“The habits, passions, and morals of the young should be watched and guided with ceaseless vigilance. Habits may be formed which shall make the individual a disagreeable, disorderly, and unendurable member of society, or a pleasant, amiable,

and ever-welcome visitant at every fireside. Passions, which, if left uncontrolled, may prompt the blasphemous oath, and delight in scenes of wickedness and cruelty, may, if rightly directed, make heroes as brave as Washington, philanthropists as persevering as Howard, or preachers as earnest and powerful as Baxter and Whitefield.

“The morals of a child may become so depraved that virtue cannot breathe in its presence, and goodness shall shrink back at its approach as from a leper’s touch, and its effect upon society may be more dreaded than the breath of a pestilence; or its principles may be so correct, and its life so pure, as to exert an elevating and ennobling influence over all with whom it comes in contact.

“Thus we see that the most weighty responsibilities rest upon parents and teachers, and to train the young aright

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demands unwearied diligence, an enlightened view of what true education is, and a conscientious discharge of every duty. What is time for, unless it is given us to prepare ourselves, and those over whom we have an influence, for usefulness here and lasting happiness hereafter? Shall the decaying body receive the most careful attention, and the imperishable mind no watchful care and assiduous culture? Far better would it be for a man to leave a hovel, with intelligence and virtue, as an inheritance to his children, than the riches of Astor, with ignorance and depravity.

“When parents and teachers shall look upon the subject of education in its true light, faithfully discharge every duty, and conscientiously fulfil every obligation to the young, a new era will be ushered in. Then, indeed, we may hope with assurance ‘that our sons may be as plants grown up

in their youth; and our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.' ”

And again, he says, “ Let the teacher forget that he is engaged in a vexing, thankless, and life-exhausting profession, and laboring for an unrequiting remuneration; but let him remember that deathless minds are given him to cultivate, and with a resistless energy, an ardent zeal, and an all-absorbing love, let him devote himself to doing good to his pupils. Let his soul burn within him as he meets their smiling and intelligent countenances, and witnesses the daily development of their growing minds. Let his eye brighten as he reads their destiny in the future. One may yet guide the helm of state like Washington, or, like him, lead the armies of his country to battle. One, like Franklin, may yet represent the wisdom of his country at

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foreign courts. One may preside on the bench, like Marshall; or lead in the councils of state, like Webster; or sway the minds of the masses, like Clay; or deliver a message from the Most High, like Whitefield. Or there may be some who 'shall tread the firmament with a Newton's step, or strike the harp of song with a Milton's hand.' And, higher and nobler than all, they are candidates for the society of angels and glorified spirits at the court of the King of kings.

"Let us remember that there is a purpose to be accomplished in living, and that life is too short, its moments too precious, and the consequences which hang upon it are too momentous, to have it spent in idleness and inactivity. We have minds to be cultivated, and hearts to be purified. 'It is not all of life to live.' Existence is

not life. Breath is not life,—the life of the mind and soul.

“The existence of the grazing ox, of the condemned criminal, or the ignorant Hindoo, or the degraded Hottentot, is not the life we covet. It is not the joyous and happy existence of the intellect. It is not the refined and elevated enjoyment of a cultivated mind. It is not the hallowed bliss of a noble, pure, and Christian heart.

“‘We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs, when they beat

For God, for man, and duty. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best;

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,—

Lives more in one hour than in years do some,

Whose blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.’”



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And in these passages may be read the great and noble principles and feelings which ruled the conduct and life of Edward Cleaveland, in the various relations he sustained, as teacher, friend, citizen, and Christian; for he was an earnest man, and, in the noblest sense, enthusiastic.

It was his custom to spend the vacations in travelling, or in some active rural employment which would be both healthful and pleasant; for he had learned lessons of wisdom from past experience. But whether he was climbing the rugged ascent of Mount Washington, or feasting his eyes upon the beautiful scenery around the base of Catskill, or camping out in the forests about Moosehead Lake, or gazing with rapture upon the unspeakable grandeur and sublimity of Niagara, listening to the melody of its falling waters, he did not fail to remember his beloved and loving

charge. But he always treasured in his retentive memory the brightest scenes, the fairest sights, and most instructive incidents, to relate to his pupils on his return. And he possessed such a power of description, and such vividness of expression, that it would seem to his eager listeners as an almost present and visible reality. They always expected a rich treat whenever he returned to them from any such excursion. One of his pupils once said, "I wish Mr. Cleaveland could travel round the globe, and then come back and describe it to us."

He was exceedingly fond of poetry, and his mind was a rich storehouse of beautiful extracts, expressing the loftiest thoughts of the choicest writers of ancient and modern times. And he inculcated the habit in his pupils of committing to memory such passages as were worth pre-

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serving, and then they might be ever-present and available sources of pleasure and profit to themselves and others. And he not unfrequently read to them selections from some of the most gifted authors, to cultivate and improve in them an appreciative taste for the truly beautiful in prose and poetry. And sometimes, too, he would grant them a little salutary relaxation and amusement by reading some humorous or ludicrous description or incident, and allowing them all to join with him in a genuine, hearty laugh, together. They regarded it as a special favor when he would comply with the earnest request, "Do please read us something this afternoon, Mr. Cleaveland." And sparkling eyes would beam upon him from a hundred deeply interested and grateful countenances as he read, while his own eye would kindle, and his whole face glow in

full sympathy with the spirit of the author he was reading.

If there was one point in which Mr. Cleaveland excelled above all others as a teacher, it was in his discipline. The most perfect order and obedience were always maintained, and rarely can a school be found where such quiet regularity prevails. But there was no display of authority, and no severity exercised. If punishment was needful, it was judiciously and thoroughly administered, but with such calmness and force of reason that the delinquent would invariably feel and acknowledge the justice of the discipline.

His pupils, it might well-nigh be truthfully said, without a single exception, loved and almost adored him. It is true, they feared to displease him; but it was the fear of love, and no slavish feeling. At recess, or out of school, they would gather

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about him with all the familiarity of a child with a loving father; and well he knew how to amuse and interest them; often proposing some question or quoting some maxim that would long be treasured for good. But the instant the pointer of the clock indicated the hour for study, they would quietly and almost noiselessly resume their seats.

Mr. Cleaveland also excelled in illustrations of any truth or principle, and consequently the recitations in his school were attractive and pleasant, as well as thoroughly practical, and clearly understood by the scholar.

But it was not in the public school alone that Mr. Cleaveland's influence was felt and appreciated. From the first, he was, in some capacity, connected with the Sabbath school, in the church to which he removed his relation in the city where he

resided. He was, for a little time, a pupil in a class of young men, for I have said before that he always loved the Sabbath school.

He was soon invited to take charge of a class of young ladies, and he complied with the request. And here, as in the day school, he was beloved and respected, and his memory is still very dear and pleasant to the members of that class.

We have seen that in his boyhood he became familiar with the pages of Holy Writ, and years increased his knowledge of the Scriptures, and grace gave him a true heart-appreciation of the truths therein revealed, while his refined taste delighted in the unsurpassed beauty and sublimity of those inspired pages.

He was afterwards chosen to fill the office of superintendent in the school, which position he occupied for several

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years, until he found the tax upon his physical strength too great an addition to the duties of the week to justify its continuance. This relation was a pleasant one to both superintendent and the school, for he possessed the respect and confidence of the older members, and the affectionate regard of the children. He was always, and in every place, a great favorite with the little folks; for he knew them all, and never met them without a pleasant word, or, at least, a kindly smile of recognition.

Mr. Cleaveland interested himself and others particularly in the exercises of the Sabbath-school concert, until it became the most delightful and fully attended evening meeting of the church. Old and young seemed equally interested in the return of this anticipated monthly meeting. The children claimed it as *thei*

meeting, in a peculiar sense, and the older members, not only of the Sabbath school, but of the whole congregation, looked upon the "children's meeting" as best of all.

While Mr. Cleaveland was superintendent of the school, which was for several years, he felt that much of the responsibility of this meeting rested upon him. It is true there were other able, willing, and efficient helpers, but he was expected to take a leading part in the exercises. He never went without previous thought and preparation, and always endeavored to bring with him some new and instructive story to relate to the children, and, with a few well-chosen words, seek to enforce the moral which the story was calculated to inculcate; and he was ever listened to with eager attention.

Although years have passed away since



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his voice was hushed by the angel of death, there are now members of that church who never enter one of those meetings, and mingle in the pleasant exercises, without remembering the tall, slender form, the pale, expressive countenance, the large, "thought-speaking" eye, and clear, deep voice, and impressive manner of the former beloved superintendent. And thus, though dead, he yet speaks to them in words of earnest and heartfelt instruction, urging them onward in life's great work.

And he was also a regular attendant of the other weekly meetings of the church, for social conference and prayer. Often has his voice been heard in that consecrated chapel, in words of supplication and fervent thanksgiving, as well as earnest exhortation, and mingling in the songs of praise.

He was ever a welcome guest at the

fireside or in the social circle, and he possessed a rare power of entertaining all, both old and young. And so bright and cheerful was he that sadness would flee away in his presence, though his heart was ever full of tender sympathy for the sorrowing. But he was in an eminent degree hopeful, both for himself and others, and looked more upon the bright than the dark side of life. He seemed to carry sunlight in his heart, and shed a glad ray of it wherever he went.

This cheerfulness was not so much the effect of his natural disposition as the result of an active Christian principle, and confiding trust in the kindness and wisdom of his heavenly Father. He looked upon what are often termed the trifling events of life as no less under the guidance of Providence than great events.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HIS MARRIAGE, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

I HAVE already spoken of the reason why Mr. Cleaveland remained single so long; and still those same dear friends were, in a great measure, dependent upon him for pecuniary assistance. And cheerfully and heartily was it always given, and the "Lord loveth the cheerful giver." Although his brother had a willing heart, he was so situated that he could do no more than care for the wants of his own family.

And there is one thing worthy of mention with reference to his care and faithful kindness for his mother and sister. During

the many years in which he supplied their wants, they were rarely ever obliged to call upon him for what they needed. Their wants were almost invariably anticipated by him, and, when their present need was supplied, he always added, "If you need anything more let me know, and it will give me pleasure to furnish it." This may appear a thing of no consequence, but it contributed not a little to the happiness of that dear mother and sister, and is recorded for imitation by others.

But at length he felt that the Lord had prospered him in such measure that he might add another to the family circle, without curtailing his kind offices to its present members. With continued health and prosperity he might now look forward to a home of his own, "with a loving heart to cheer him."

He was well fitted to enjoy domestic

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life, and also to make home a happy place to others, and he would appreciate home comforts none the less for the years of boarding he had experienced, although he was richly favored in finding pleasant homes as a boarder, for he was always recognized as a member of the family and a valued friend.

But this did not satisfy the longings of his warm and loving heart, for there was a void which common friends, or tenderly attached friends, could never fill. He wanted *one* to love and call his own. And God blessed him in the wish, and gave him a fair and lovely bride, with a faithful, loving, trusting heart, in whom he might safely repose all the wealth of his strong, deep, constant, and overflowing affections. And it was no common heart he offered her; but a manly, noble, and truly sincere and affectionate soul. And she was will-

ing to share and encourage his kindly attentions to those he loved.

When he brought her to his temporary home his heart seemed full of grateful joy, and he often expressed the hope that they might live many years, and "grow old together."

Swiftly and happily the months glided away, and he seemed fully to realize his bright hopes and visions of bliss. He was not ambitious to make a display, or to "live in style," as it is so often termed, but was willing to conform to his circumstances, fully believing that those friends who were worthy to bear that sacred name would love and respect him none the less for consistently pursuing the course he thought best. It is true that wealth and station have far too great an influence in forming the opinions of society, in individual cases, and, perhaps, with the

masses; but true worth, and purity of character, with a cultivated intellect, will generally be eventually respected and appreciated for its own sake, by the better portion of any community. And most certainly is this true in the city where Mr. Cleaveland resided.

Quietly, but very pleasantly the year passed away, with no event of unusual interest to our friend. It was doubtless to him the happiest year of his life, and this is saying much, in his case, for in other years he had enjoyed more real happiness than most of the human family. It was a favorite saying with him, that he believed he "had lived longer than Methusaleh did in his nine hundred and sixty-nine years, counting its length by what really constituted true life on earth." And not less happy was the young wife he had chosen, for her fondest hopes were

realized in the tender, thoughtful, considerate kindness of her husband. Precious, very precious to her now lonely and desolate heart is the memory of those glad days, so full of deep and quiet joy.

Just at the close of the second winter of their union God gave them a fair and beautiful rosebud to cherish and nurture with loving care. A lovely little daughter nestled closely to that young mother's heart, and a new fountain of love was opened in that father's soul. Their cup of joy seemed filled to the brim, and they gave God thanks.

They received the treasure as a gift from God, bringing with it new responsibilities, and new joys. It was an immortal being, and must be trained for the glory of the Creator.

And each morning and evening, as the father knelt at the family altar, his heart





The Boy and the Man. Page 120.



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gave utterance to words of fervent prayer for the richest of Heaven's blessings to rest on the little one committed to their care; that she might grow up to be a useful member of Christ's church below, and finally, through the washing of regeneration in the blood of a crucified Saviour, be permitted to dwell in the presence of God, angels, and glorified spirits forever.

Could he have foreseen the sudden and dreadful blow which was soon to smite that beloved band, he would scarcely have been more earnest in his petitions at the throne of grace, or more tender and urgent in his words of counsel to the wife he loved so devotedly, to train the little one aright, and especially entreating her to secure the obedience of the child.

May we not believe that our loving

heavenly Father, all unseen and unfelt at the time, prepares the way, in a measure, for the events which he sees we are soon to meet?

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

WE must now turn from the brighter scenes and joyous hopes of past pages, and look at the darkness and sad desolation which so suddenly came upon the family and friends of Edward Cleaveland. The night of sorrow closed over them with little warning, though to him, we firmly believe, it was but the glorious dawning of an endless day.

There were some who had watched the thin, pale face of Mr. Cleaveland through the winter with solicitude, for they feared he was taxing his strength too much. But he was so happy and hopeful, so active,

and so fully confident that he was not only quite as well, but even much better than usual, that his home friends were satisfied.

A week before the close of his winter term in school, and when his infant daughter was but three weeks old, he was attacked with a severe cold. For the first few days little apprehension was felt, although he had some fever, and he seemed more prostrated than he usually did from attacks of illness. Still, it was thought to be partly exhaustion from the labors of a long term, rather than the effect of disease. Medical advice was promptly called, and his physician attended him with all the faithfulness and care of a friend and brother. Although the affectionate wife was unable to minister to his wants, other careful hands and loving hearts nursed him most tenderly. He seemed from the first

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unlike his former self, for his elasticity and buoyancy of spirit, which ever characterized him, even in sickness, was gone, though he fondly expected to be with his dear pupils again before the close of the week.

On the sixth day of his illness, when the physician and friends indulged the hope that he was better, the disease suddenly and unexpectedly became seated upon his lungs, where the seeds of destruction had long been working, silently, and all unknown to himself and friends, save his physician.

He was from that hour delirious, and never for one moment realized his situation in the least. He recognized his friends, and manifested a thoughtful care for their health and comfort, but was wholly unconscious of the anxiety and sorrow which filled their almost bursting

hearts, but which they strove to conceal from him.

Could he have known and realized the numberless expressions of love and sympathy given by a multitude of anxious friends, his warm heart would have melted with tender gratitude, and he could not have desired a dearer place in the hearts of any people than he held in the community where he lived and labored for so many years. If he did not understand these proofs of love, they were not unnoticed by Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And if the daily prayers of that afflicted circle avail anything before the Throne, then, indeed, will the friends of those dark and bitter hours be richly blessed of heaven's great King.

And many were the fervent prayers



which went up from scores of hearts, that the great Physician would graciously restore to health and active duties this beloved man; for they felt that "he could not be spared."

All that tender love and medical skill could do for him was faithfully done, and then, in faith, they sought to leave the result with a faithful, covenant-keeping God, asking for submission to his righteous will, whatever it might be.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." The Most High had need of this servant in an upper sphere, and he saw, too, that it was needful to try the hearts of this household band, and many friends, and test their love and confidence

in him, by taking from them "the strong stay and beautiful staff" on whom they had so lovingly and confidently leaned. It was not in anger, but in tender love that he sent this arrow from his quiver. It is in mercy that

"He comes and takes the heart, and lays it

On his hard anvil, minded so

Into his own fair shape to beat it,

With his great hammer, blow on blow."

And rapidly, very rapidly, his system yielded to the power of disease. The ninth day of his illness, being the third after his more critical attack, was the holy Sabbath, and it was a Sabbath never to be forgotten by that circle of weeping friends, for it was the last day that the eyes of their loved one opened on earth. Through the long hours of that day hope and fear kept them in fearful suspense.

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He was constantly delirious, and had no suspicion of the change before him. No parting words were left, as precious legacies of a dying hour, but in youth and health he had made his peace with God, and committed his soul to his Saviour's care and keeping. His work on earth was ended.

At evening he seemed to fall asleep, but it was the sleep of death. For two hours he lay all unconscious of those about him, and then his spirit soared away to be forever with the Lord. He had no share in the bitterness and anguish of parting, but was kindly spared it all. It would have been very hard for him thus to leave his beloved and helpless family, though we fully believe grace would have been granted, that would enable him to say heartily, "Thy will, O God, be done."

In life, he delighted in pleasant sur-

prises, and was it not a glad surprise that broke upon his raptured soul, as he beheld the glory of the celestial city, and entered its pearly gates?

“Why should we grieve that to him ’tis given  
To tune his lyre in the courts of heaven?”

But those loving hearts were rent with anguish. The blow, so sudden and so heavy, had well-nigh crushed them. They could not murmur, for they knew and felt that God doeth all things well.

It was “well” that the young, affectionate wife should be left in early widowhood, with the care of a tender infant, that she might claim the promise, “Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name.” It was “well” that the precious daughter of only one short month should thus early be left with no father

to guide and protect her, save him who has said, "I will be a Father unto thee."

It was "well" that the widowed mother, in her declining years, then at a distance from the sorrowing circle, should receive the sudden intelligence which fell upon her almost as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, that the darling son on whom she leaned had passed away from earth, that she might listen to the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And again, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear not, for I am with thee." "I will hold thee."

It was "well" that the bereaved brother, who had relied on the dear departed one for counsel, should obey the voice which says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liber-

ally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

It was "well" that the stricken sister, whose very life seemed bound with that of this brother-father, should learn to look to the "Elder Brother" more entirely, and remember "There is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother."

And it was "well" that the hundreds of pupils and friends should "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," and heed the warning which loudly said to them, "Prepare to meet thy God." All this was well, for the Lord had done it.

And now let us turn for a moment to the words of this dear friend, which he addressed to a bereaved friend, for it may show us from whence he derived consolation in sorrow, and may apply to the stricken ~~one~~ ~~which he left~~. "It is a blessed thing, when all other sources of

consolation fail, to feel we have a Friend above, who is ever present, and ever ready to minister to us in the day of affliction. Like David, we should 'trust in the Lord at all times.' If our friends, whom we so dearly love, are taken from us, we should be thankful that they have been spared to us so long, and that we have been permitted to enjoy so much in their presence, and to be so happy with them while they lived.

"I know what it is to stand by the sick bed of those I loved, and watch for the approach of the destroying angel.

"I know what it is to receive the dying blessing of a fond father, and to have heart stricken, and my home made desolate, and the world look dark covered, as it w

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afforded, and I could rejoice in him who doeth all things well.

“Kind friends can do much to assuage our grief, and it is very pleasant to know that others sympathize with us. But nothing is so efficacious as prayer. We can pour our petitions into an ear that is ever open, and *know*, if we pray aright, we shall be comforted.

“It is a blessed thing that we are permitted to feel that Jesus has prepared mansions for us, where sickness and sorrow shall never enter, and where we shall never be called to part with those we love. It is a blessed thing that when our trials greater than we can bear, we can feel everlasting arm underneath us, and a gently voice whispering ‘peace’

trust,

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Jehovah let the sorrowing ones find rest.

As Mr. Cleaveland lay shrouded for the tomb, many of his former pupils and friends came to gaze; through fast-falling tears, on the pale, still face of him they loved so well, and who so lately was among them in life and health. The swollen eyes, the suppressed or bursting sob, and the sad, downcast expression, told most plainly that a much-loved friend had left them, though few were the words they uttered. One smart, intelligent Irish lad, whom he had encouraged, said, as he looked upon him for the last time, while tears rolled down his cheeks, "He was my friend, and never can a man be found to fill his place." A poor colored woman came with some who had been members of his school, and, in the fulness of her heart, she said, "He was a good man, and

always treated black folks just the same as he did white ones."

The rich and poor, the old and young, all united in the expression of affectionate and sincere respect.

It was an April day when that manly form was borne to its final home. The morning was bright and pleasant, but clouds soon gathered in the sky, and the close of day was dark and rainy, in sad harmony with the smitten hearts who could see for themselves no light on earth, only loneliness and sorrow.

A few friends gathered with the pastor at an early hour in the house of mourning, and there the dear fatherless babe was consecrated in baptism, and commended to the tender care of a covenant-keeping God.

It was a touching sight to see that fair bride of just sixteen months before, now

glad in the garb of widowhood, thus early bringing her firstborn to the altar, alone. And we believe there was One who looked down from the throne, and with tender compassion accepted the offering, and will ever care for and bless this precious lamb.

And then those dear remains were carried to the church, and placed upon the platform, where, in months and years that were past, he had so often stood before the Sabbath school. And now

“Fragrant flowers in wreaths lay near him,  
In this saddened scene of death,”—

wreaths that were woven by loving hands for a teacher's burial. In almost hushed and softened strains the organ poured sweet melody, and the choir touchingly sung that beautiful hymn,—

"Why lament the Christian dying?

Why indulge in tears or gloom?

Calmly on the Lord relying,

He can greet the opening tomb.

"What if death, with icy fingers,

All the fount of life congeals?

'Tis not there thy brother lingers,

'Tis not death his spirit feels.

"Though for him thy soul is mourning,

Though for him thy heart is riven,—

While to dust his flesh is turning,

All his soul is filled with heaven.

"Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,

Now forbid his longer stay;

See him rise o'er death victorious;

Angels beckon him away.

"Hark! the golden harps are ringing;

Sounds celestial fill his ear;

Millions now in heaven singing,

Greet his joyful entrance there."

And then the ninety-first Psalm was read, which had long been a precious favorite with the deceased.

Humble, fervent, and appropriate prayers were offered, and, at the close of the exercises, the many hundreds who had gathered to pay this tribute of affection to the beloved friend, teacher, citizen, and Christian brother, gave one last look at those familiar features, then turned away, with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts.

In the afternoon, a faithful band of mourners accompanied his precious dust to his native town, and then, in the church where he first professed his faith in Christ, the last sad services were held, and there were assembled many who had known and loved the boy, the youth, and the man.

Then all that was mortal of Edward Cleaveland was carried to the quiet resting-place of his fathers, there to repose

till the last great day. And there we will leave him, for God will guard that sacred dust.

Is there no influence for good to be derived from these few pages?—no high resolve for upward progress strengthened and encouraged to active, persevering effort? Is there no wish to imitate what was noble and Godlike?

If a single good seed has been sown, cherish and nurture it carefully, that it may bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.

“But look not back! Oh, triumph in the strength  
Of an exalted purpose! Eagle-like  
Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.  
Have but an eye on God, as surely God  
Will have an eye on thee,—press on! press on!”

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.









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